THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, June 27, 1808.

INTERESTING TRIAL.

COURT of CHANCERY.

AGENCY.

LORD WALDEGRAVE *v.* BILLINGSLY.

SIR Samuel Romilly moved for an order in this cause, directing the defendant to pay into court the sum of 1800l. remaining in his hands, as the property of the noble plaintiff, for whose mother the defendant acted in the receipt of rents, managing some of the estates of Lord Waldegrave, during his minority, and for which agency he was to receive a yearly salary. He argued that it was against the principles of justice to allow any agent or receiver to retain any money from his employer, as a compensation for extra services, which the defendant alledged to be the ground of detaining the sum now prayed to be paid into court.

The precedent, he said, would be highly dangerous, and would open a door to the most mischievous consequences, and in many cases to the ruin of heirs during their infancy; the defendant, he said, had kept this money three years in his hands, had brought an action against Lady Dowager Waldegrave, the plaintiff's mother, and obtained judgment by default, and a verdict for 800l. for the services rendered by the defendant to the estates of the plaintiff, and had also brought an action against the plaintiff in which he had failed; it was not reasonable after all these circumstances that he should longer retain this money, and he contended that the verdict against Lady Waldegrave was not any objection to this motion, the

money being admitted by the defendant's answer to the bill, to be remaining in his hands.

Messrs. Hart and Roupell, for the defendant, contended that this motion ought not to be granted, as the plaintiff by a plea of infancy, put in for him to the action, prevented the defendant (who was the plaintiff at law) from recovering in that action, and of course defeated the claim at common law. The learned counsel stated that the defendant had in a very high degree improved the estates, and had even purchased one estate with a sum of 1800l. of the defendant's own money, and now worth considerably more, for the plaintiff, and had reclaimed about 800 acres of waste land, and rendered it worth 800l. per annum, and that he was paid only 20l. or 30l. per annum, and was of course not compensated for his receipts and services in any adequate proportion to his merit and good offices to the plaintiff. The defendant being a gentleman of independant fortune, and not having acted merely as an agent and receiver.

Sir Samuel Romilly in reply observed that the defendant had applied to the court of king's bench for a new trial, or to set aside the nonsuit which he had suffered, with a view of taking another chance with a Somerset jury, and that, in fact, he was paid or had always retained the sum of 100l. per annum for the trouble he took in looking after these estates of the plaintiff, which were situated in his neighbourhood.

The lord chancellor observed that in granting the defendant liberty to try the action, he felt, as he now did, that he was going out of the settled law of the court, he acted however from a consideration for the plaintiff's case, which appeared to have some hardship in it, but he said he never would sanction the doctrine of any agent, or manager of an estate, at a settled stipend, bringing any further charges against his employers upon the ground of an implied contract; here, he observed, was no express contract to warrant the present demand, and he ordered the money to be paid into court.

THE LETTER-BOX.

No. 41.

TO THE EDITOR.

Et sermone opus est, modò tristi, sæpe jocoso.
HOR. SAT.

HAVING written you lately on several subjects that demanded a certain degree of solemnity, you will not be displeased, I trust, at my following the advice given in my motto.

motto. And I know not how to do so more effectually, than by sending you a brief account of the courtship of my worthy friend Bob Bashful. Bob (as his name implies) is one of the most modest fellows in the world; and as unfit for a campaign of gallantry, as a mouse is to wear a coat of armour. Sometime since he came to me in great agitation, with the news of his having fallen in love. "In *love?*" I exclaimed, "what! with a London doll? or a good dinner?" "With neither, with neither," sighed Bob, "but with a downright *angel;* and I'll tell you where she came from." "From *Heaven,* I hope; for angels, I've heard, come but from one *other* place." But perceiving him impatient of interruption, I allowed him to proceed, *ad libitum.* "Her name is Miranda Suds. Her father was a soapboiler in London; but pray don't laugh, my dear fellow, for I assure you on my honour, he was at the very tip top of his profession. Yes, Sir! his soap was of such a superior quality, that it would not have disgraced the venerable beard of a rabbi. In short, he speedily amassed an immense fortune, and might have been riding in his chariot at this very moment, had not his wife died, and left him broken-hearted. But, poor man! he soon followed her, like a dutiful husband—leaving an orphan daughter (the incomparable Miranda) to the care of her uncle Gregory."

Here I must interrupt Bob a moment, to inform you, Mr. Editor, that this uncle lives in the same town with us, and that Bob and myself are both known to him. The old fellow spent the chief part of his life at sea, by which means he got a noble fortune, and acquired a certain bluntness, not altogether pleasing to his acquaintance. His aversion to every thing effeminate prevented his marrying; so that 'tis generally expected this niece of his will have the fingering of the *shiners.*

"Well, Sir," continued Bob, "last evening, a little before sunset, I strolled with my fishing-rod by the river that divides her uncle's garden from the public walk; and there, on the opposite side, stood this most lovely of beings reading. Oh! who should ever think her to be fresh from London! any one would have sworn she was a shepherdess of the Alps; or something equally as innocent. *Such* eyes—*such* a nose—*such* a mouth; and as for a *complexion,* Oh my dear boy! as unsullied as the snow that bepowders the topmast perriwig of the Andes!!"

Such an incongruity of ideas, proceeding from the lips of Master Bobby Bashful (as the ladies call him), inclined me to believe that all was not right in the noddle; and I was still more induced to credit it, when he thus recommenced his narrative:

"No sooner did she behold me, than souse went her book into the river; and I (forgetting I could not swim) dashed in

after it; but zounds, Sir, I never dived so deep after learning before; and had it not been for one of the gardeners, who lugged me out with a rake, I should ere this have paid my respects to her worthy parents on t'other side the Styx. Having been hauled up, like a drowned rat, I needed but few intreaties to enter old Gregory's house. He (like a sea-lion as he is) called me a thousand ridiculous names; and, instead of offering any consolation, laughed immoderately at my forlorn appearance; in which he was joined by the lame lieutenant over the way, who (you must understand) cast a sheep's eye at the immaculate Miranda. But I shall surely out-admiral him, for the lady's looks told me more than he was aware of. And now, my dear fellow, you shall know the cause of this visit. I want you to write a letter for me. Don't refuse. Say something smart; and I'll call for it in an hour."

With this, off scampered Bobby like a March hare; whilst I (for the sake of carrying on the joke) immediately went to work, and penned the following sublime epistle:

"CARISSIMA, FORMOSISSIMAQUE MIRANDA,

There is a mysterious providence, supereminently discernible in the most trivial occurrences, however apparently fortuitous. My last evening's aqueous declination might appear to the ocular perceptibility of the *profanum vulgus*, as a preponderating calamity. But credit me, thou most beautiful of beauties, had not my *os frontis* been instantaneously immerged in the crystalline fluid, the inflammatory contagion of thy eyes would have dried up my *ductus lachrymalis*, annihilated my vital energy, and consumed my corporeal substance. Even as it *is*, my incipient passion is so excessive, that I have experienced great inappetence, and a consequent inanition. Apprize me, therefore, when I may be favoured with a nuncupative communication, &c."

Bob thought it wonderfully fine, and lost not a moment in copying it on a sheet decorated with Cupids and mottos, which was forthwith dispatched to his dulcinea. Her answer was very laconic, but much to the purpose. "Come at six this evening. My uncle will be at Lieutenant Limp's." As the hour of appointment approached, Bob's courage gradually diminished; and had I not fortified him with a bottle of burgundy, he would have inevitably given up his pretensions to the lady's good graces. However, after starting a thousand imaginary difficulties, Bob prostrated himself at Miranda's feet, and was received with the most flattering cordiality. But whilst the fond lovers employed the fleeting moments in mutual caresses, an unexpected storm was brewing over their heads. Old Gregory and the lieutenant, having replenished

their

their punch-bowl rather too frequently, felt all agog; and Miranda's name being accidentally mentioned, the Lieutenant swore he should like to take her in tow. "Say you so, my heart of oak?" cried Gregory, "then, by the hooky, she is thine. So let's unmoor, my lad, and overhaul her sentiments over a fresh bowl in *my* cabin." Limp consented; and they soon arrived at the door. Conceive, if you can, poor Bobby's consternation, when he heard them bustling up stairs—swearing like troopers. He immediately rushed to the window, but nothing but broken bones stared him in the face. They were within a yard of the drawing-room! What was to be done? There was but one resource—the *chimney*—and up he got, at the hazard of suffocation from the soot; but luckily, it being summer, there was no fire. The *men of war* entered, and having seated themselves on either side of Miranda, the following conversation ensued:

Uncle.—What say ye, my little mermaid, to a voyage on board the *Hymen?*"

Miranda.—"Truly, uncle, I don't exactly comprehend you; but if you mean a sea excursion, I must be excused; for I'm a terrible coward on the water."

Uncle.—"Not understand me? Then to speak plain—what think ye of being spliced to my worthy messmate here?"

Lieut.—"Ay, my little diamond! what say ye to a trip on the ocean of matrimony?"

Miranda.—"Good heavens! what can this mean? Surely, gentlemen, you jest; or I shall beg leave to withdraw. Is this the respect due to female delicacy? Is *this* what I might expect from a guardian uncle?"

Uncle.—"Ha, ha, ha! Here's a *fire-ship* for ye! But *I'll* make her lower her sails, or I'll know the reason why."

Ere the uncle had time to proceed, Miranda quitted the room.

"Shiver my tops," continued the uncle, "if I don't think she's got her grog on board."

Lieut.—Softly—softly—messmate; let her sheer off for the night; but shove me down the main hatchway if I don't make her bring *to* on the next tack."

Uncle.—"Ay, ay, let her go; and now, Limp, we'll talk the business over a fresh bowl."

The lieutenant consented—the bell was rung, and the servant entered.

"Jack," exclaimed the captain, "tell that young baggage of a mistress of your's to send us a bowl of *O-be-joyful.* And, d'ye hear? get some pipes—and let the fire be lighted."

"A noble motion," said Limp, "there's nothing so sociable as a good fire. However hot the day may be, a fire is no bad joke of an evening."

Alas,

Alas, alas! unfortunate—ill-starr'd Bobby! Cooped up in a nauseous chimney! Besmeared with soot from top to toe. *Last* evening (thanks to the gardener) thou narrowly escap'dst *drowning;* but who will save thee from *roasting?* Hark! the door creaks—it opens—the servant approaches—the fuel is placed in proper order, and the candle applied—it blazes.—— At this instant, Mr. Editor, down came our lovelorn captive from his prison—"the *devil,* the *devil,* the *devil,*" resounded from all quarters. Bob darted over the stairs like lightning. Gregory seized a blunderbuss—presented—fired,—and down fell —*who?* Was it for *this,* poor Bob, thou wert rescued from a watery grave? Must a harmless *ass* owe his death to thy preservation? Even so. Luckless donkey, after a hard day's work, and still harder stripes, stood regaling himself with a thistle on the opposite side of the street. The deadly contents of the fatal tube lodged in his head, and he bade a long and last adieu to the cruelty of a barbarous taskmaster. Bob, in the mean time, arrived at my lodgings in a most forlorn plight. But I shall reserve the conclusion of his amours 'till a more convenient season.

Mr. Editor,
Your faithful servant,
X.

The HONEST BRETON.

(Continued from Page 494.)

ON their arrival at Nantz, Montalde found new objects of esteem and veneration. Plemer's house was the model of good order. His wife superintended the household affairs with native dignity, and with becoming vigilance. She had her eye upon every thing. Plemer gave himself no concern. His daughter, under the guidance of this virtuous mother, was charged with the more active part of the domestic economy.

This only child, whose name was Gabrielle, seemed never to have had leisure enough to perceive that she was handsome; neither her mirror nor her heart had yet informed her of it, although she was eighteen years of age; and although her fine dark eyes, her soft features, her long eye-lashes, her blooming complexion, her slender and graceful form, were all designed and modelled by the hand of love; Montalde was aware of it before herself, and this was the last and most severe trial his ill fate put him to.

Though in the midst of the greatest temptations he had been proof against every seduction, he now found himself

robbed of his liberty by the looks of innocence; nor was his the only heart wounded by the inevitable dart which was in reserve for him.

The good Plemer eager to inform his wife of his adventure, gave way, indiscreetly, to the pleasure of praising, (before his daughter) the disposition of Montalde; the goodness, the candour, the graces of his mind, the modest courage with which he had preferred misfortune to humiliation, and his delicacy and unalterable gentleness in the distress to which he was reduced between misery and death.

The worthy Plemer was happy to observe the tears fall from his daughter's eyes, while he was speaking, little thinking of the risk the heart of the young girl ran in listening to him.

These imprudent encomiums, more than the presence of Montalde, made that first impression upon the mind of Gabrielle, which never was effaced. She received it without alarm. She was far from suspecting in so delightful an emotion, the dangerous sentiment that was blended with it unknown to her.

Nor did the delight Montalde experienced at the sight of the innocent Gabrielle disturb him; neither the sweetness of her looks, nor the charms of her voice, nor the amiable simplicity of her manners, nor the negligent and captivating grace which accompanied all her actions, nothing, in short, in the daughter of his benefactor, appeared to him in a formidable point of view. He thought himself certain of always being able to look at her with the mere pleasure which one feels in viewing whatever is perfect in the works of nature. But when he began to perceive that the sound of her voice affected him, that he could not see her approach without a secret emotion, that he felt a thrilling in his veins whenever she condescended to smile on him, that his words died away, as it were, upon his lips when he spoke to her, that his eyes were fixed upon her's; and that her image followed him incessantly, that he thought but of her while he was awake, nor dreamt of aught else when he slept—

"What," said he to himself, "can be the matter with me? In what manner do I, on my arrival here, repay the kindness of a man, who has saved me from the grave? I in love! I, unhappy wretch, with a girl destined to possess an immense fortune, and to chuse amongst the highest rank the most happy of husbands! It is certainly impossible to see her without emotion and astonishment; surely nature, with all her attractions, was never yet so charming! But let the admiration which she creates in me be as innocent as her charms; far from me be the hope, and doubly far from me be the desire, the thought of troubling for a moment the repose, the serenity of that pure angelical

angelical mind. Let me love her, but as a sister; is not her father a father to me?

Having taken this resolution, Montalde perceived that he was reconciled with himself. He was calm, but he was dejected; and the business in which he was engaged served as an excuse for his dejection. He is naturally serious, Plemer used to say.

The most unreserved confidence was placed in him by this good man. In initiating him into the nicest speculations of commerce, he perceived him with astonishment, catch them at a look, comprehend, and sometimes extend them, and run over in his mind every branch of this vast science into its minutest ramifications.

After a few months, "My friend," said he, "it is not the spirit, but the true genius of commerce that you possess; and if one day or other you do not out-do me it will be your own fault. I will insure you the greatest fortune, if you will use the means to acquire it. But it is first incumbent upon me to put you in the way. I shall do it in a moderate manner. Don't cross me by contradicting me. You shall take care of my business for six years. Your service cannot be estimated at less than six thousand livres—no, not less, if you please. Let me finish what I am going to say. You are a prudent man, and one thousand livres will be enough for your expences. Here then at the end of six years is a saving of thirty thousand livres. They are your own. Well, from this present time let us employ your savings, and send them as a venture by one of my ships. If it makes two successful voyages your capital will be doubled." "And if it fails?" said the young man. "If it should," said Plemer, "we will begin over again, and you will owe me another six years." "My whole life," said Montalde. "With all my heart," said Plemer, "my bargain will be the better for it; and you see I risk nothing in giving you money beforehand.

"I plainly perceive, Sir," answered Montalde, "that you will act as a father. Be it so, do for your child whatever seems good to you. Far from blushing at it, he will be proud to owe every thing to your bounty."

A conversation like this made Montalde's situation still more painful, for new favours were new ties for him; nor could he avail himself of absence, the resource of weak minds. Bound by gratitude, he saw himself destined to live with the angel he adored, without daring even to aspire to please her. In a short time she will enter into her engagements, and her heart should be at liberty to follow her hand; to endeavour to violate that liberty would be, in his eyes, the vilest and most detestable of crimes. Friendship, confidence, the laws of hospitality, would be betrayed by a word, by a look, by a sigh, which might

might disclose his love. Oh! rather die a thousand deaths than to exist a moment under the weight of such ingratitude.

"This house," said he, "is inviolable, and I have it in my power to be either a monster or a hero. A hero! yes, I shall be one, if I have strength of mind to command myself. Heaven, of whom I will implore it, will be so gracious as to grant it me."

He now collected all the force of his mind to govern his looks, his words, and his actions, to conceal the secret of his love, which was daily increasing, and which the innocent behaviour of Gabrielle tended still to inflame.

The chimera of all husbands at Paris being that of forming to their will the disposition of a young woman, the attention of all mothers is to bring up their daughters in such habits of dissimulation and reserve as leave nothing decided in their characters. A young woman 'till she marries is a kind of chrysalis in the world, until the moment when spreading out its wings, it changes into a butterfly. In the provinces, the disposition of young people is not laid under the like restraint, nor is it a rule of decency with them to conceal the secrets of their hearts. Gabrielle, from her infancy, had been suffered to speak her sentiments without reserve; but whether through the influence of good examples, or an exquisite degree of sentiment, the instinct of well disposed minds, nothing reprehensible ever resulted from this happy liberty.

The admission of Montalde to the intimacy of the family, did not in the least alter the behaviour of Gabrielle. Madame Plemer shewed him those delicate attentions which she could have wished him even not to perceive, but which were the more pleasing, as they seemed involuntary. Gabrielle followed their example. It was a mixture of esteem and habitual good-will, which, without too much freedom, had nothing in it but what was perfectly natural; and this politeness of sentiment which gave a charm to friendship, would not have shewn any difference between Gabrielle and her mother.

But none save Montalde perceived these signs of an infant passion. At one time the soft languor of a look cast on him; at another the broken accents of a timid voice; sometimes a faint blush animated her countenance when she addressed him, or a slight trembling of her fair hand, as she poured out his tea; and oftener, the emotion she would feel whenever he expressed the excess of his gratitude to her mother. From all these signs he suggested to himself that she had more than mere friendship for him; and it was then that he experienced the most cruel of all the torments of love, in comparison of which the condition of Tantalus was but a slight infliction.

"These must be the symptoms of love, or I am much deceived," said he, "as yet feeble, and in its infant state, and

which, unknown to her, may make a dangerous progress. What will become of me? This is the moment that I stand in need of all my resolution!" And the more the sensibility of Gabrielle disclosed itself, by a thousand ingenuous kindnesses, which he perceived but too clearly, the more pains did he take to conceal his in the bottom of his heart, and under the disguise of a sedate and modest air and behaviour.

Inflamed as his heart was with a hidden fire, yet he never suffered a spark of it to escape from his eyes; happy had it been for him to have had nothing more than these first conflicts to encounter!

(To be continued.)

ROYAL JESTERS.

KEL ANAYET was the jester of Abbas the Great of Persia. His fame is still fresh in that country for his sprightly wit, his burlesque drollery, his uncouth attitudes, and his uncontroulable command over the laughing powers of all who saw or heard him. The shah by punning on his name, called him Ketchel Anayet, "Scald-pate; and suffered him to joke without danger on occasions which would have cost others dearly.

Abbas was excessively fond of a white hawk, which had been sent him as a present from Mount Caucasus. Being out one day on a hawking excursion, the shah discovered that this bird was sick. In great vexation he called his grand falconer, named Hossein-bec, and charged him most solemnly to take special care of this hawk; adding, "whoever comes and tells me that he is dead, shall lose his head, depend upon it." Nevertheless, the bird died at the week's end. Hossein-bec in utter despondency, saw Kel Anayet walking before the mews, in his way to the court. To him he told the disaster, conjuring him, with many tears, to save his life. "Agreed," said the droll, "if the shah takes off any body's head to day, it shall be his own." Pursuing his intention, he found the shah in the greatest good humour, just after dinner. "Scald pate, where do you come from?" said Abbas. Anayet, assuming the most jocose air imaginable, answered, "From your majesty's falconry; and pray listen with your utmost attention, for I am going to tell you the most marvellous! most wonderful! most astonishing! that ever has been seen in this world! There I saw Hossein-bec, with his broom, in his hand, sweeping a little square place, just before the gilded aviary; then he besprinkled it with rose-water; then he spread over it a little silken carpet, very curiously enriched with wrought flowers; then he went

and

and fetched your white hawk, and—would you believe it?—shedding scalding tears over it, he laid it very gently on its back. There lay the hawk, without motion, his wings fallen, his bill uppermost, his claws clapsed, his eyes shut—" " What then?" said Abbas surprised, " my bird is dead!" " Heaven preserve your majesty's head," replied Anayet, " for surely it is safe to-day, notwithstanding your threat! You have announced the tidings to yourself."

A management not less dexterous, on a subject much more important, was employed by a jester of the French court, when the king's servants were perplexed by what means to inform their master of the defeat his formidable armament at Sluys had met with from the English King Edward, in which many ships were sunk. Knowing that the bearer of such unwelcome tidings would be ruined, they entrusted the favourite droll with the dangerous commission. He immediately equipped himself completely *à la militaire*, and strutting with martial fierceness began to vociferate—" O brave Frenchmen! O brave Frenchmen!" " Why, brave Frenchmen?" said the king. " Why?" said the plumed hero, " Why!—the Frenchmen leaped into the sea, but the English dared not follow. O brave Frenchmen! O brave Frenchmen!"

HISTORY *of the* SILK TRADE *in* ENGLAND.

[Translated from Dr. Nemnich's Tour in Great Britain and Ireland, lately published at Hamburgh.]

THE manufacture of silk furnishes employment to a great number of families. There was a time when 200,000 persons derived their subsistence from it. At present, from the great increase of luxury, this number would have been more than double, had not the cotton manufactures, the great rival of wool and silk, been generally introduced.

Previous to the reign of Edward III. the silk manufactures in England were confined merely to ribbands, laces, and other trifling articles of haberdashery. From the time of Edward III. to Henry V. various acts of parliament were passed for the security and encouragement of these manufactures, by prohibiting the importation of the like articles from foreign parts. In 1620, King James caused to be brought from abroad, throwsters, dyers, weavers, and others, for the purpose of establishing manufactures of broad silk goods in England, where they soon flourished to such an extent, as to afford employment to not fewer in the various branches than fifty thousand persons. That monarch appears to have been fully aware, that no manufacture can be considered as truly permanent, under a precari-

ous supply of the raw material. Anxious, therefore, to introduce the culture of silk in England, he caused circular letters to be sent into every county in the kingdom, recommending the establishment of mulberry-plantations; accompanied with printed instructions for rearing the worms, &c. At his decease, Charles the First was equally sanguine in his endeavours for accomplishing so interesting an object. Mulberry-gardens were accordingly laid out in various parts of the kingdom; but without producing the desired effect. In 1629, Charles the First granted a patent for erecting a company of silk-throwsters, who were empowered to take apprentices, make bye-laws, and establish other regulations for the management of their trade, within the limits of four miles round London. In 1661, upon an application to augment their powers, and extend them to twenty miles round London, it was stated, that there were employed at that time, in the throwing branch only, not less than forty thousand persons. In 1701, a prohibition was laid on the importation of trams, and all thrown silks coarser than third Bolognas, as also on all thrown silks of Persia, East India, and China, on pain of forfeiture. At that time, and for many years afterwards, the English throwsters from the insufficiency of the machinery then in use, were not competent to furnish the weavers with any other description of silk than singles and trams for the woof: the organzine for the warp was altogether supplied from Italy, where the art of throwing it was long kept a most profound secret. At length, by the enterprising talents of a spirited individual, the art of throwing organzine was introduced. About the year 1719, Mr. Lombe, a merchant of London, of a mechanical turn, having succeeded in obtaining admission to the mills in Piedmont, secretly drew a plan of them, and established a set of mills on a similar construction at Derby. As a reward for his exertions, George the First granted him the exclusive privilege of working organzine for a term of fourteen years. The discovery was held to be an object of such national importance, that at the end of that period the legislature granted his brother, Sir Thomas Lombe, who had succeeded to the possession of the mills, the sum of £14,000, on condition that they were laid open, and that models of the machinery should be deposited in the Tower of London, for public inspection. Similar mills were, in consequence, set up in various parts of the country; but, owing to the difficulties that were experienced in procuring silk of the proper quality for throwing (the king of Sardinia having prohibited the exportation of it in the raw state), and to their having subsequently found nearly full employment in the increased demand for singles and trams, the quantities that have been worked into organzine have, 'till of late years, borne no proportion to the imports from Italy.

About

About 1720, a further attempt to raise silk in England was made by Sir Richard Manningham, who planted in Chelsea-park two thousand mulberry trees, and erected large buildings for the purpose of raising silk; but this scheme also proved abortive. From these repeated failures, the idea seems to have been abandoned. It was next tried in America, where, for a while, appearances were rather more promising; and with a view to give encouragement to the effort, in 1749 an act passed for encouraging the growth of raw silk in the colony of Georgia and other parts of America, by allowing it to be imported into Great Britain duty free. In 1769 a still more decided step was taken, by granting large bounties. The society for the encouragement of arts, manufactures, and commerce, also granted large premiums for encouraging the like object; but even with this powerful support, the quantities that were raised were inconsiderable, and the rate of cost too excessive for competition with the silk from other parts. When the English East India Company obtained possession of Bengal, successful efforts were made to obtain a supply from these fertile provinces, now forming part of the British dominions: and the result was quickly seen in the declension of the trade from Aleppo, Valentia, Naples, Calabria, and other parts; from many of which, that formerly furnished very considerable quantities, not a single bale has been imported for some years past; so that, generally speaking, the whole of the silk manufactured in this country was furnished from the northern provinces of Italy, Bengal, and China.

The silk imported from Italy is either raw, or thrown, and organzines; and both articles, notwithstanding the improvements in the English throwing mills, cannot yet be dispensed with in the manufacture of several kinds of stuffs.

China silk is principally used in stockings, gauze, and ribbands, and is preferred on account of the firmness of its texture, and from its taking a more brilliant dye than the Bengal.

The imports from India were formerly only of the kind known by the technical term of Bengal-wound, or silk reeled in the rude and artless manner, immemorially practised by the natives of that country. As the silks of this description are suited but to few articles of home manufacture, the principal consumption being in sewing silk, buttons, twist, and other articles of haberdashery, of comparatively limited demand, there seemed to be no prospect of bringing the article into further use, but by introducing into Bengal the method of reeling the silk direct from the cocoons, as practised in the filatures of Italy. The measure was adopted; and although, for a time, appearances were unpromising, it has eventually been found to answer every expectation that had been originally entertained of its success. Extensive public undertakings are seldom carried

ried into effect without exciting jealousies, especially if they have a tendency to clash with individual interests. The silk merchants of London took an alarm. They pronounced the measure to be not only ill-judged but impracticable; but the event has shewn completely the fallacy of those opinions.

The first parcel of Bengal silk wound after the Italian method arrived in 1772; and so rapid was the progress of this improvement, that "in 1792, there were eight principal silk factories belonging to the company in Bengal; and in every filature or factory there are employed, according to its size, from 3000 to 10,000 people; and if to these are added the mulberry planters, worm feeders, &c. &c. from 10 to 40,000 men, women, and children, are attached to each filature."

The quantities of silk imported into Great Britain in twenty years, from 1781 to 1800 inclusive were, on an average per annum, as follows: raw silk, from Bengal 442,300lbs.; from China 157,235lbs; from Italy 236,029lbs. Thrown silk from Italy 390,063lbs. Total 1,225,627lbs.

Of the thrown silk imported from Italy, about one-half has been supplied from Piedmont, and the remainder from Bergamo, Bologna, Brescia, and the Venetian states.

From the year 1772 to 1804, there were imported, when the first parcel of Bengal silk, wound after the Italian method, arrived, not less than eight millions and a half of pounds weight, and of Bengal wound about one-third less, making together two thousand nine hundred bales per annum. The quantity of Bengal raw silk imported, from 1775 to 1794 inclusive, was, on an average, per annum 3100 bales, and since that time the imports have averaged only 2128 bales per annum. For the year 1793 was very discouraging to the East India Company, the large quantity of 5200 bales had been transmitted from India, and, owing to the war and other causes, the article fell so low in price, that at the sale in 1794, they lost near £5000. It was apprehended that similar losses would follow: the company therefore, for the purpose of rendering the commodity, which was encreasing in quantity, more marketable, and, at the same time, creating employment for some thousands of the industrious poor, in working an article, the growth and produce of British territory, resolved to make experiment to ascertain whether Bengal raw silk might not be thrown into organzine after the Italian manner.

Upon consulting with some intelligent persons in the silk line, there seemed good reason to conclude, that Bengal raw silk, if thrown into organzine, might be found sufficiently adapted to the warp of ribbands. An experiment was made in 1795, and the issue was, in every respect, encouraging and satisfactory; many of the persons engaged in the silk trade were, however, decidedly hostile to the undertaking, and confi-

dently

dently pronounced it was impossible it could ever be brought to answer. Among various objections it was urged, "That Bengal raw silk, when worked into organzine, could only be used in a few articles of the silk manufactory; and that in most others, from its irremediable deficiency of staple, it could not be substituted for Italian organzine."

The object was, however, too important to be hastily abandoned. Further trials were made, and in proportion as the article became better known, and the views of the company were better understood, much of the prejudice that had been excited against the measure subsided; and in 1796, many eminent houses in the silk line, expressed their unqualified approbation of it. They took measures for the improvement of the raw materials which were attended with such success that the use of Bengal organzine has not been confined merely to the warp of ribbands, but that it has been introduced for the same purpose, and with equal success, in sarsnets, florentines, modes, handkerchiefs, velvets, &c. Several weavers were even of opinion, that it was not only cheaper, but better adapted for these purposes than some of the Italian organzine.

It appears, however, the English manufacturers are still obliged to have recourse to the Italian states for nearly the whole of their supply of organized silk, and for no inconsiderable portion of the raw; and the silk trade is liable to experience a check, when the Italians feel an inclination to throw impediments in the way of the trade of this country, or are disposed to give a more decided preference to that of any other.

Broad silk stuffs are manufactured in London and Dublin; ribbands chiefly in Coventry and Leck; sewing silk, buttons, and other small articles, chiefly in Macclesfield; silk stockings, laces, and veils, in Nottingham.

ANECDOTES *of* CAPTAIN SHIPLEY.

THE late Captain Conway Shipley, of La Nymphe frigate, was the second surviving son of the Rev. W. D. Shipley, dean of St. Asaph. He entered into the naval profession at a very tender age, in the year 1793, under the protection of the Hon. Thomas Pakenham, in the Invincible, of 74 guns, and displayed in that ship, during the ever-memorable action of June the 1st, 1794, traits of courage rarely to be met with; he served the remainder of his time as midshipman with Sir Robert Barlow, in the Phœbe frigate, and was made lieutenant in 1800. He was made a post captain in 1804, by Sir Samuel Hood, at Surinam; his commission, however, was dated previously in England, as a reward for his gallantry in the capture of L'Egyptienne, French frigate privateer, of 36 guns, Cap-

tain Shipley then commanding the Hippomenes, of 18. The privateer had some days previously been engaged by the Osprey sloop, commanded by the late Captain G. Younghusband, and in consequence made but a faint resistance—that did not lessen the credit due to Captain Shipley, who, in a corvette, with only 93 men on board, 36 of whom were foreigners, attacked a frigate with a compliment not far short of 300. But his letter upon the subject to Sir Samuel Hood will ever be preserved as a memento of modest merit—without attaching the least praise to his own conduct, he delineated the heroism of Captain Younghusband and his crew in such colours as must have excited admiration in every peruser.

Upon Sir Samuel Hood being appointed commodore of a squadron in the winter of 1806, he applied for Captain Shipley's vessel, the Comus, of 20 guns, to be permitted to accompany him. A stronger proof of the esteem that gallant officer held the deceased in could not be adduced, the Comus being far from a desirable ship for such an expedition. Captain Shipley was a native of Flintshire, North Wales, in the 26th year of his age, tall and graceful in his person, firm in his attachments, an invaluable friend, and most engaging in his manners. Perhaps there never existed an individual who more eminently possessed the power of inspiring all he commanded with sentiments similar to his own. What those sentiments were, his life, short alas! as it was, and his glorious fall, have revealed!

BON MOT.

AN old greybeard, with no more music in his soul than a drumstick, addressed his nephew, who was playing on the violin, with "Zounds! Tom, how can you *throw away* your *time* so?" "You quite mistake the business (replied Tom), I am endeavouring to *keep time*, and not *lose* it." "I tell you what (continued the uncle) 'tis downright *killing* time." "Not so bad as that (said the boy) for I'm only *beating* it.

Z. Z.

POLITICAL ASCENDANCY.

ADVERTING to the controul exercised by the first earl of Chatham, M. Dutens excellently remarks, that "He governed almost despotically a people who, though little inclined to yield to arbitrary power, are sometimes reduced by their attachment to popular leaders."

AN

An ANECDOTE.

A Countryman wished to marry his daughter to a neighbour; but an objection was made to the girl's age, as not yet marriageable. "She is of sufficient age (said the father), as she is already the mother of two children."

Contrast contrived by peculiar Coincidence.

THE celebrated Paul Veronese, desirous to render the complexion of a female as lively as possible, contrived to heighten the vivacity of his colours, beyond their natural tone, by placing immediately before her a boy clothed in a very grave brown, behind her a man clothed in black, and on one side of her a negro, so that by the powerful contrast of these colours with the delicate tints and brilliancy of the favoured beauty, her complexion appeared to be actually dazzling to the eye.

HYDE PARK.

CERTAINLY time is the ruler of all things, as is shewn in his changing of them, and their accompaniments. The newspapers are constant in their information that the ring in Hyde Park, the walks, &c. were on such a day "crowded with all the beauty and fashion of the metropolis." Would it be thought that this rendezvous of the gay world was formerly so unpolite as to demand a fee from every person whom it admitted? Yet we have the authority of a small manual, entitled, "A Character of England, as it was lately presented in a Letter to a Noble Man of France," London, 1659, for affirming this: the author, a Frenchman, in London, says,

"I did frequently in the spring, accompany my Lord N. into a field near the town, which they call Hide Parke; the place not unpleasant, and which they use, as our course; but with nothing that order, equipage, and splendour, being such an assembly of wretched jades, and hackney couches, as next a regiment of carremen, there is nothing approaches the resemblance. This parke was (it seems) used by the late king, and nobility, for the freshness of the air, and the goodly prospect: but it is that which now (besides all other excises) they pay for here in England, though it be free in all the world beside; every coach and horse which enters buying his mouthful, and permission of the publicane, who has purchased it, for which the entrance is guarded with porters and long staves."

Answer, by W. R. Cave, of Pitney, to S. P.'s Charade, inserted May 2.

MAY every man an honest portion share,
Lest the SPRING GUN should prove his fatal snare!

☞ We have received the like answer from J. Trood, J. Melhuish, and W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; F. Arden, of South Petherton; J. Horsey, of Castle Cary academy; J. Osborn, J. Saunders, J. Treadwin, and Typographus, of Exeter; John Tucker, of Ottery-barracks; J Colling, of St. Dominick; J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; W. Kent, of Camelford; R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; and J. Woodman, of North Curry; J. Vellenoweth, near Helston; J. Salter, of Broadhembury; Philo Musæus; W. Woon, of Grampound; Alphonso, of St. Austell; J. Channon, of the Ottery artillery; J. Whitnell, of ****; G. Coulman, of Broadhempston; W. G. of Gittisham; and J. Colley, of St. German's.

Answer, by J. Trood, Bridgewater, to J. Melhuish's Rebus, inserted May 9.

YOUR parts I've coalesc'd, which make appear,
OTTERY SAINT MARY is in Devonshire.

*** Similar answers have been received from S. D. and Frederick Arden, of South Petherton; J. Colling, of St. Dominick; Thomas Cowd, of Sidmouth; J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; W. Kent, of Camelford; J. Tucker, of Ottery barracks; J. Horsey, at Castle Cary academy; J Osborn, Exeter; G. Coulman, of Broadhempston; W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; J. Woodman, of North Curry; W. Woon, of Grampound; J. Vellenoweth, near Helston; and J. Salter, of Broadhembury.

A REBUS, *by H. Easter, of Taunton.*

A Numeral for my first detect;
An animal you'll next select;
A vowel for my last declare,
And then my whole you'll make appear.

An ANAGRAM, *by a Correspondent.*

YE wits sublime, pray find a crime,
Of which one letter change,
Transpose the same, 'twill shew my name,
Tho' it may seem quite strange.

A CHARADE, *by J. Trood, of Bridgewater.*

WHEN sinful man th' Almighty did offend,
He made him to his dreadful anger bend;
Then did my first, at his divine command,
With dire destruction overspread the land.

In ancient days, on yonder fertile plain,
Where mighty armies furiously were slain,
My next with briskness sent its pointed dart,
And pierc'd the gallant warriors to the heart.

My beauteous whole, how lovely to behold,
Its splendid colours often doth unfold:
Attracts the eye in variegated hue,
In distant clouds, conspicuous, so adieu!

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

MARINER's DREAM.

IN slumbers of midnight the sailor-boy lay,
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind,
But watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danc'd o'er his mind.

He dream'd of his house, of his dear native bowers,
And pleasure that waited on life's merry morn;
While memory stood sideways, half cover'd with flowers,
And restor'd every rose, but secreted its thorn.

Then fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
And bade the young dreamer in ecstacy rise;
Now far, far behind him the green waters glide,
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

The jessamine clambers in flower o'er the thatch,
And the swallow sings sweet from the nest in the wall;
All trembling with transport he raises the latch,
And the voices of lov'd ones reply to his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight;
His cheek is impearl'd with a mother's warm tear;
And the lips of the boy in a love kiss unite
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast,
Joy quickens his pulse, all his hardships seem o'er,
And a murmur of happiness steals thro' his rest—
"Oh, God! thou hast bless'd me, I ask for no more."

And whence is that flame which now bursts on his eye?
Ah! what is that sound which now larums his ear?
'Tis the lightning's red glare, painting Hell on the sky!
'Tis the crushing of thunders, the groan of the sphere!

He springs from his hammock, he flies to the deck;
Amazement confronts him with images dire;
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck,
The masts fly in splinters, the shrouds are on fire!

Like mountains the billows tremendously swell,
In vain the lost wretch calls on mercy to save;
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
And the death-angel flaps his broad wings o'er the wave!

Oh sailor-boy! woe to thy dream of delight!
In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss;
Where now is the picture that fancy touch'd bright,
Thy parents' fond pressure, and love's honey'd kiss?

Oh sailor-boy! sailor-boy! never again
Shall home, love, or kindred, thy wishes repay!
Unbless'd and unhonour'd, down deep in the main
Full many a score fathom thy frame shall decay.

No

No tomb shall e'er plead for remembrance to thee,
Or redeem form or frame from the merciless surge,
But the white foam of wave shall thy winding-sheet be,
And winds in the midnight of winter, thy dirge.

On beds of green sea-flower thy limbs shall be laid,
Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow;
Of thy fair yellow-locks threads of amber be made,
And every part suit to thy mansion below.

Days, months, years, and ages shall circle away,
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll,
Earth loses thy body for ever and aye—
Oh, sailor-boy! sailor-boy! peace to thy soul!

Lines written on visiting the Tomb of Julia.

SEE'ST thou that sod, which tears bedew?
'Twas there I laid my love to rest:
Remembrance, sad, will oft renew
The aching thoughts that rend my breast.

Oh Julia! dear departed maid!
If spirits ever earthward flee,
Thine, surely, oft has passing paid
A sigh to constancy and me.

Oft have I wander'd round thy tomb,
Oft have I thought of days now past,
Oft wish'd that fate had seal'd my doom,
With your last sigh to 've breath'd my last.

One shroud had then our ashes grac'd,
Your silent grave been also mine;
That heart to your's been closely plac'd,
Which ever was, and still is thine.

But near's the time, that hour draws nigh,
When, as foretells this breaking heart,
My spirit shall to Julia fly,
To meet, ah! never more to part!

SECOND ODE OF ANACREON.

NATURE, to all her children kind,
For each peculiar gifts design'd,
Adapted to their spheres:
The curling horn to bulls decreed,
With hooves she arm'd the prancing steed,
And swiftness gave to hares—

Teeth to the monarch of the woods,
To fish to swim thro' yielding floods,
To birds to mount on air;
Courage to man, with reason join'd—
What gifts within her store remain'd?
What blessing for the fair?

Beauty, the last best boon of Heaven,
A panoply to them was giv'n,
At once to awe and charm;
Beauty, at once a shield and spear,
Their bosoms guard from ev'ry fear,
Their forms from ev'ry harm.

W. E. M.